

The Gateway

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

High School Debating Championship

The final debate in connection with the High School Debating League, organized by the Department of Extension, took place in the Assembly Hall of the University on Friday evening, February 18th.

The subject for debate was: "Resolved that the developments of the present war have shown that Canada should own and control her own navy."

The contesting teams were Calgary Collegiate Institute and Vegreville High School. As far as sex was concerned, the schools were evenly matched this year, each school being represented by a boy and a girl. Mr. Mihalcheon led off on the affirmative for Vegreville, followed by Miss Hopkins leading for the negative for Calgary. The supporters were Miss Ross for affirmative and Mr. Davidson for the negative. The debate was keenly contested, and resulted in a win for the Calgary team. Both girls made a fine showing and the audience were heartily in accord with Mr. Justice ~~was~~ remark in giving the decision of the judges, when he said that if the ladies of the Province informed themselves as fully on public questions as these girls had done on this matter, there would be no danger as far as they were concerned of an ignorant vote. Mr. Mihalcheon is worthy of special mention, owing to the fact that he is of foreign birth, having been born in Roumania, and has only attended an English-speaking school for six years. When the language handicap is taken into account, he made a remarkable showing in his speech. Another interesting contribution to the debate came from Mr. Davidson, supporter of the negative. In age, he is a mere lad, and his speech showed evidence of very careful preparation and gave promise of unusual ability when he attains a greater maturity.

Summing up a general impression of the work of the League for this year, it is safe to say that the year's work has reached the high water mark so far attained, both as regards the interest taken by the competing schools throughout the Province and the standard set by the various debaters. An interesting indication of the enthusiasm aroused in some of the towns is the fact that so many of the townspeople accompanied the Vegreville team to Edmonton that they were able to obtain reduced rates from the railway.

Dr. Tory and Captain Cowper visited Calgary during the week to interview the D. O. C. respecting the Universities Battalion. They expressed themselves on their return as very much pleased with their reception and the way in which matters of organization were proceeding.

The Philosophical Society met on Tuesday evening, when a very interesting paper was read by Mr. R. K. Gordon on "Ballad Poetry of Scotland and England." Fuller account appears elsewhere.

The performance of "Psyche," which met with such success when presented by the non-resident students on February 11th, is to be given again next Friday night. The chorus and orchestra will be further strengthened, and this second performance will no doubt score an even greater success than the last. The proceeds will be given to the Red Cross.

Prof. Broadus has been invited by the University of California to give two lecture courses at that institution during the coming summer. The session is from June 26th to Aug. 5th.

DICK

His proper name was Richard, but in order to avoid the suspicion of assuming airs in speech, I usually called him Dick. Later, after he had won his spurs, and these were not a few, I added the sobriquet of Coeur de Lion, for though he had almost every vice of the genus hippos, nevertheless he had the true lion heart. The rainy season discovered this to me. When the creek was swollen and the slough soft as treacle, it was then I realized what a treasure I had in Dick; his stout heart saved me my circuitous miles and dreary hours. But Dick had a big balance on the debit side to wipe out, and I am not sure whether, after all, there was much to his credit when he and I closed accounts.

He was a cayuse, small and sturdy, with a shaggy coat that looked something like a moth-eaten hearthrug. His plump sides were decorated with many patches, rubbed bare by the shafts and the saddle-cinch, and in his eye there ever lurked a tricky look, something between a twinkle and a leer.

It was impossible to ascertain his age, for he had an awkward habit of sneezing just when you had succeeded in disclosing his molars. To judge by his gait, however, he must have been born along about the Tertiary period, and in any case ought to have been superannuated centuries ago.

He disliked being groomed as heartily as a small boy dislikes washing, and when approached showed a remarkable faculty of self-defence in his ability to shed bales of vile sorrel hair on one's best Sunday clothes. The result was that successive generations of students had left him severely alone, until nothing but mucilage could have smoothed his coat into anything like decent shape.

A change of masters every six months had completely demoralized Richard, and the conviction had long ago settled down on him that the best policy for him to pursue was to begin with each as he intended to leave off. Unfortunately there was a complete reciprocity of ideas between us the first day I sat on his back, and the more complete the reciprocity the more strained our relations became. Already in the morning I had wasted much time and honeyed words trying to catch him in the pasture, and now only an hour remained to reach my first appointment. First impressions are the best, and desirous of exhibiting the sadly neglected virtue of punctuality to my new congregation, in tremolo tones of affection I assured Dick of the high expectations I had formed of his prowess. I begged of him in the kindest accents not to disappoint me; but I might have saved my breath and blandishments. Dick had not been raised that way, and one must speak to a horse in the language he understands. The evil communications of many livery barns had made it impossible for him to associate flat and colourless words with himself. Indeed, he quite evidently interpreted these as a sure sign of weakness, and in order to show his contempt, deliberately and quietly settled down into a leisurely trot which speedily degenerated into a hobbling walk, nothing more than an exasperating pretence at locomotion. Oh, it was gruelling! A fresh humiliation befell me with every rig that passed. Knowing my disinclination to thrash him in public, he would maliciously reduce his pace to a snail crawl until the passers-by enquired if he had locomotor ataxia. The sweat rolled off me in beads on to his dry hide.

Already I had broken the gad I possessed into strings on the brute, and was now reduced to the reins; and well he knew it. Good Artemis! and all ye other patron saints of horseflesh, would we never come in sight of that schoolhouse! It seemed to me now that we had been on the trail for hours, for days, weeks, months, years, eons. "Oh, if I ever get home again with this Bucephalus," I wailed, "if I ever get home again I'll take a gun and shoot him dead, and then take

(Continued on page 7)

ROBERTSON COLLEGE

A certain well-known professor, while lecturing on constitutional history some time ago, told his class that at a certain period in English history the people were roughly divided into three classes, viz., Prayers, Workers and Fighters. Adopting the synthetic method, we have been trying for some time past to define a Presbyterian, and feel much indebted to the author of the above statement. From the trio we have selected the two opposites—Prayers and Fighters—and after putting them together, find the component parts look something like a Presbyterian. Let us now take a retrospective glance to further prove the definition. It is little more than eight months since our first Robertson recruit went forth to swell the ranks, and now we have fifty per cent. of our students enrolled in the King's Army, while others are on the threshold of enlistment. The magic spell of the kilt has fallen upon these halls. It has permeated every room and even entered the sacred precincts of the Sanhedrin, whose hall-paved portals, if history hath recorded the truth, have stood proof against every influence from the barbarian world outside. Instead of discussing the usual abstruse problems unearthed from the dim ages of Hebrew antiquity, certain members of that most august Society have been taking lectures in anatomy lately with a view to becoming experts in "first aid," while another faction, under the able leadership of Jeemes, has been devoting itself entirely to new strategical field movements such as the taking of trenches and redoubts by the enveloping movement, a method not yet known to the War Office. Speaking of trenches reminds us of a recitation entitled "The Battle of Tell-el-Kebir" given at a big concert lately by a well-known elocutionist "ex Hibernia," who was heavily decorated with laurels won in previous engagements in his native country. It was refreshing for us to hear the magnificent rendering—a sfar as elocution could render it—of this thrilling episode. In vivid panorama the whole scene passed before us, the burning sands of Egypt, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the tombs of Hebes and even Pharaoh's daughter, but these were only the setting which made more vivid the living drama enacted. However, space forbids us to dilate. Suffice it to say, the Highlanders, with bayonets gleaming in the dazzling sunlight, scattered the Dervish fiends like the sands of the desert, and Tell-el-Kebir was won.

D. R. K.

ALBERTA COLLEGE

On Saturday, the 12th inst., the ladies of the College, invited the gentlemen to a Leap Year Social. The reception rooms were tastefully fitted up with appropriate decorations. The Board room was the centre of attraction to those who had a weakness for marshmallows, the toasting of which proved a difficult feat to some. Consternation was caused to some gentle hearts by the news that some fellow of the baser sort had cached a stock of the marshmallows. The evident distress of the fair ones filled the robber with compunction, so that he restored the dainties to the authorities and was granted a pardon and a reward.

In the music room Miss Currie acted as "Witch," and drew from the caldron the fortunes of the gentlemen. Each recipient had to read his fortune aloud, and much merriment resulted. After partaking of refreshments the company indulged in various games. The evening was an unqualified success, and we congratulate and thank the ladies most heartily for their kindness and trouble.

An appreciation of the late Lieut. H. Riddell will appear next week. Prof. Jackson is to write it.

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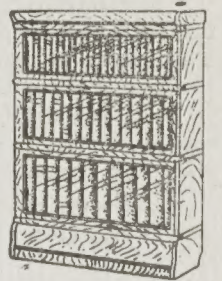
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NEWS NOTES OF OUR SOLDIERS

From week to week an increasing interest has been evinced in the boys who are at present on the firing line, and the Gateway, through the medium of its columns, has sought to keep the student body in touch with them. In lieu of any regular correspondence, "careful" extracts have been made from private letters, and care has been taken that nothing of a personal or a private nature be disclosed. We could wish that the censors were less strict and the mails more regular, but for the glimpses we have had appreciation has not been wanting. We trust that the boys from whose letters extracts have been taken, knowing the deep interest with which their doings are followed, will take no offence at any liberties we have taken.

Sergeant G. S. Drummond has received a commission as lieutenant in his own battalion, the 63rd Inf. We tender our hearty congratulations. Through sheer merit Drummond has risen from private, through successive stages to a lieutenancy. There is no more popular officer in his company than Greg.

The Gateway's prediction has come true sooner than was expected. As we write announcement has just been made that Privates Patterson, MacDonald, Morrison and MacLeaners have all been promoted to the rank of sergeants in the 194th Edmonton Highlanders.

Lieut.-Col. Craig has confirmed the appointment of D. J. Teviotdale, late business manager of the Gateway as lieutenant, also in the 194th Highlanders.

Messrs. Forster, MacLean, PPatterson and MacDonald have been offered commissions by the British War Office in certain well-known Old Country Regiments.

Word has recently been received from Trooper J. R. Thompson, 12th C. M. R. He is in the pink of condition, and is at present in London preparing to leave shortly for France. He sends his commiserations to Class Greek II.

The McGill Daily announces a Smoker which the Union will hold as a send-off to the 5th University Company. The members of the 5th Company have been the guests of McGill since its organization.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

On Tuesday evening the fifth of the series of public lectures arranged by the Philosophical Society was given in the Arts Building of the University. Professor R. W. Boyle, president of the society, was chairman of the meeting.

The audience listened with great interest to Assistant-Professor Gordon's paper on "The Origin and Growth of Ballad Poetry in England and Scotland."

The lecturer, having defined the ballad as a typical narrative of a popular kind, gave examples of early forms, contrasting them with medieval romances and with such folk stories as Grimm's Tales. A tribute was paid to the excellent collection of these ballads by Professor Child. The two ballad regions were outlined—First, the region from Spain to Italy, and second, the Teutonic countries. The English and Danish ballads, which belonged to the latter group, had much in common in form, as, for instance, the use of a refrain, but they differed, as a rule, in subject.

The history of ballad literature was a subject of much controversy. It seemed to be agreed, however, that ballads were sung and accompanied by dancing. The rise of this form of folk-poetry, accompanied by dancing in England and France dates from the 12th century. A description of such a dance is given in Chaucer, and the amusement seems to have been very common at that time. The first ballads probably belong to the thirteenth century, but these are lost, and existing ballads belong to the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The collection of ballads made by Bishop Percy was described by Mr. Gordon in detail, and comments were made on the variation in word and story in succeeding collections, the great work of Sir Walter Scott being especially appreciated.

The question of authorship and the characteristics of the ballad were next dealt with by the lecturer in a most lucid and interesting fashion. The impersonal and objective quality, lack of which was the chief defect of modern ballads; simplicity of language, like that which a mother uses to her child; touches of natural description; repetition; situations directly and swiftly stated; all these were illustrated by quotations from such well-known ballads as "Edward," "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Robin Hood."

At the close of the lecture Mr. Gordon was cordially thanked for his very scholarly address.

DEATH OF LIEUT. H. RIDDELL

It is with the deepest sorrow we record here the death of Harold Riddell, which occurred in No. 7 General Hospital, St. Omar, France, on Monday, February 14th.

Harold Riddell was one of the first students from the University of Alberta to join the colors. At the time of the formation of the 3rd Mounted Rifles, he enlisted with "C" Squadron under Major Fane, and went to England in June, 1915. Trooper Riddell was through the heavy fighting in which "C" Squadron paid its toll of men. Later he received a commission in the British Army, and was under orders to join his regiment when he was taken ill with cerebro-spinal meningitis a month ago. Mrs. Riddell left for France on January 19th, and reached his bedside some little time before he passed away.

A very impressive memorial service was held in Alberta College on Wednesday forenoon, when all classes both in the University and affiliated colleges, were suspended.

There were present the combined faculties of Robertson and Alberta colleges; the University professors, who had taught the young soldier student; and large numbers of his 'Varsity pals.

The service was held under the direction of Dean Bland, who gave the address, followed by a short one from Dean Kerr. Dr. Dyde led in prayer. Professor Thomas read the scripture lessons.

"Lead Kindly Light" was the solo chosen for the service, because, shortly ere he was stricken, the young hero wrote home that on Christmas Eve, "Somewhere in France" he had heard the gentle, melancholy cadence of Cardinal Newman's well-known hymn floating from a nearby cathedral on the night air, and mingling with the boom of German cannon from a nearby trench.

In his address, Dean Bland reviewed the life of the young soldier after he had enlisted, and told of his success in the trenches and of his final sacrifice.

Dean Kerr outlined the wrench that it was to the young student to leave all for his country, and of how well he had weighed the matter. He pointed out that henceforward the life of the University would be built on those lives which had been sacrificed for their country.

All the women's association of which Mrs. Riddell is a member were represented, including Beaver House Chapter I. O. D. E., of which she is a charter member. Mrs. Knight was the representative.

MASCOTS

This University has dangled through its babyhood and has now reached the knee-frock period, without that seemingly small but all important thing, a mascot. Enough to ruin it for life!

Mascot: A person or thing popularly supposed to bring good luck. First, let us consider a person. I think it would be splendid to have an individual play this role if we could find one noble-minded enough for the position, which is not a lucrative one. In fact, I know of one who would be excellent, but it is not my "Extension" to name him. But, on the whole, I think a "thing" would be more satisfactory than a person, for if it be an animate thing it could be caged, cribbed or confined, or if inanimate, nailed or glued to the desired spot.

Talking the matter over with Dr. Moshier, I found that he was prejudiced in favor of animals; so, acting on his opinion, I shall suggest various animals which I think would be suitable. Great will be my grief if none is selected.

First, there is the goat. For those of you who are not familiar with the animal, I shall explain its nature. It is a coarse, woollen sheep. It has a split hoof and a whole tail. The male goat has two horns on the ridge of his head, and a moustache on his bottom lip. When he is thoughtful he is venerable and philosophic looking, and wouldn't make a bad professor of Arithmetic (this is one drawback, he might anger the staff). The goat is hardy at living a long time. In fact, it has been said that no one has actually seen a goat die. This, from an economical standpoint, would be an advantage, for it would obviate the necessity of getting a new one, frequently. Hence, I think the University would be lucky if they got someone's goat.

Then there is the rabbit, but I don't think it would be a good animal to choose, except the Welsh kind. It is nice between thin layers of buttered toast.

And, of course, the owl! But I do not know if Dr. Moshier likes fowl as well as animals. Anyway, it is a wise guy. That would be useful in a University. Besides, it is a nocturnal bird of prey, and would be liked by the students, because an owl is not like a parrot, it does not tell all it knows. And the poor students should be considered; they don't have any fun.

Lastly, there is the coyote (correctly pronounced Quixote). And thereby hangs a tale. Originally this animal was the faith-

THE GATEWAY

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of the University of Alberta.

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EDITORIALS

Harold Riddell

The shadow of death has been over us this week, and today the University of Alberta mourns the loss of another of her valiant sons. Harold Riddell has made the supreme sacrifice. He was among the first to respond to the call of the Empire, as he is among the first to lay down his life for all the Empire holds dear. Only a boy, still in his teens, but born to manhood ere his years. Of such sons as he our Alma Mater might well be proud. Her prayer that many may go forth resolved to build straight and strong the fabric of the nation's life is finding a response these terrible days in a manner few ever imagined. This war has saved the fabric of our national life, and is still saving it. Kipling in his pamphlet "France at War," says: "If the Boche had been quiet for another twenty years the world must have been his—rotten, but all his. Now he is saving the world. We had begun to doubt the existence of evil. The Boche is saving us." It is to save the world from rottenness that men like our gallant comrade whom we mourn are willing these days to risk all that life holds precious to them. We believe the sacrifice is not in vain. In the crucible of war already our faith in the future is being purified. Hope grows brighter daily, and those who have gone to their death for that bright hope know assuredly now how wise their hope was.

H. A. Dyde

With this issue of the Gateway a new Editor enters the sanctum. The change has been necessitated through the appointment of Mr. H. A. Dyde to a lieutenancy in the 202nd Battalion, otherwise known as the Sportsmen's. It seems peculiarly fitting that our late Editor should receive a commission in such a battalion, for he is a sportsman, par excellence. There is no use bringing coals to Newcastle, so we shall not here attempt giving a list of his many college activities, or a eulogy on his many-sided character.

To his untiring energy has been largely due the successful production of the Gateway this session. Few are aware of the obstacles which have been overcome or the difficulties faced, and for his ungrudging service and conscientious work he deserves our unstinted praise. Sandy has the sand of a true sportsman, and we wish him every success in his new sphere.

H. R. L.

Last week our prentice eye failed to notice that the initials of identification were omitted from the poem "Edmund at Stonehenge." No one has mentioned the matter to us, so we take it for granted that no one has mistaken the authorship. Unfortunately, contributors of the quality of H. R. L. are too few amongst us. More strength to his elbow and ink to his pen.

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ATHLETICS

Basketball

Considerable interest is being taken now in the Inter-year Basketball League. The Senior-Junior team are still keeping a clear record, having now four straight games. They think they have a strangle-hold for the championship, while the Sophs say they will have another think coming. The aspirations of the Freshmen were somewhat dashed when the Sophs defeated them by a decisive score. The two team sat Alberta College are now able to put up a strong scrap with the University teams. As this is the first season for the most of them, they are doing remarkably well. The teams are evenly matched, the Matrics defeating the College in the first encounter by 24-2v.

League Standing:

Sr. and Jr.	4	0	1000
Won. Lost. P.C.			
Sophs	3	1	750
Fresh	2	2	500
Matrics	1	3	250
College	0	4	000

Varsity 12, Y.M.C.A. 37

The basketball team from the Y.M.C.A. came over on Saturday, Feb. 12th, and easily walked away with the victory.

The Varsity aggregation seemed to be entirely off color. The new recruits on the Varsity line-up did not fit in with the seasoned seniors, and the result was that the boys from the Y. were rolling them in from all angles.

This puts the Varsity team down into second place. Owing to the fact that the 51st Battalion has been called East, only one more game will be played in the Senior League.

League Standing:

	Won.	Lost.
Y. M. C. A.	3	1
Varsity	2	1
51st Batt. A	1	2
51st Batt. B	0	3

UNIVERSITY RIFLE CLUB

A rifle shooting match will take place on the University range on Saturday, Feb. 19th, between Varsity and the 51st Battalion C.E.F.

The team representing Varsity is as follows:

G. A. Cheeseman, Capt.
N. F. W. Graham.
H. R. Leaver.
Dr. H. H. Mosher.
Dr. D. G. Revell.

MILITARY

The organization of the Universities Battalion No. 196 is progressing rapidly. Up until now the office has hardly been prepared to accept recruits, but in spite of this fact a number have been taken into the ranks. The recruiting office is now prepared to handle all that may present themselves. The recruiting staff have had up till now the great task of giving information to all the towns and cities in Alberta, also to all the colleges and schools of learning in the Province. Recruiting officers will later be sent to all the different towns to receive applications for admittance into this company and to arrange for medical inspection and transportation to headquarters.

196th Western Universities Battalion

Feb. 15th, 1916.

Company Orders by Acting-Capt. A. D. Cowper, commanding University of Alberta Company.

PART I.

Members of the University of Alberta Contingent, C.O.T.C., having enlisted as privates in the University of Alberta Company, 196th Battalion, as from March 15th, will be expected to continue in attendance at all parades of the C.O.T.C. until actually mobilized with U. of A. Company.

PART II.

The following enlisted privates are provisionally appointed as Sergeants:

Private W. J. McKenize, as from Feb. 14th.

Private L. V. Miller, as from Feb. 15th.

Private S. Wood, as from Feb. 17th.

W. M. FIFE,

Lieut. and Acting Adj.

ALBERTA COLLEGE Basketball

The Matrics were defeated by Varsity Juniors on Wednesday, after a hard-fought battle. Score, 32-13.

The ladies were victorious in the league game against McDougall High School. The score was 19-8.

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PSYCHE:

This unreal world begins to cloy my taste,
Dark discontent its mantle o'er me throws;
No art can cover up this dreary waste,
Strong lights but shadows make; and these our shows,

These affectations of unchanged delight,
These songs, these choruses, grow stale and old,
While I, like one who hears a tale twice told,
Yawn much from weariness and wish 'twere night.

When stranger to this circling moon I came,
Your Moonman's changing self attracted me;
I long had sought a place where things the same
Would not forever and a day still be.
I thought that here at last was wondrous life,
Pulsating, vigorous and full of zest.
No longer am I happy as your wife,
Come, something new! 'Tis my request.

MOONMAN:

Ah, dismal discontent! No thought had I
That these our happy days would thus be marred.
My happiness to gaze in Psyche's eye,
With you beside me heaven with joys were starred.

Oh, tell me what I've done or left undone
That I my fault may mend or some deed do
To clear away this cloud that hides my sun,
Bring back old times, or create pleasure new.

PSYCHE:

Not what you've done palls me, but what you are,
Some monthless change, some mood unfelt I crave.
Your movements too precise, too regular,
First crescent gaiety, then fullness grave.

My thought turns to that planet, yonder swung,
Where new experiences are ever rife,
Where thoughts and deeds and wonders new are strung
Like vari-colored beads—a changing life!

A world where beings strive each one with each
To apprehend, to conquer, to subdue
What moves the thing beyond their reach;
A world where he who wins must great deeds do.

'Tis not sufficient there to blandly smile
And pass each new-born day with song and dance,
Their heaven is yet to reach and many a while
It seems as though 'tis an uneven chance.

By many a struggle fierce each moment fraught
With fortunes great and hazards none too few,
Each soul becomes a king, his crown not bought,
But won in mighty strife by sinews true.

MOONMAN:

Have I seemed unattentive to your need,
Or in deep contemplation been ingrossed,
That you from this our life work seek to be freed,
Oh, teach me to regain affection lost.

Shall we your gloom remove by moonbeam's dance,
Or shall I call some cheery elfin sprite
To woo from you once more th' approving glance,
Command us! we are yours by queenly right.

PSYCHE:

Ah me! I fail to make you understand,
I wish not to command but to be bid,
To feel the grip of some superior hand
Leading to realms of life that yet are hid.

To feel the pangs of failure or achieve
Some conquest over forces wild and new;
To meet some kindred soul, this would relieve
My spirit's weariness, nought else will do.

N. F. P.

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MASCOTS

(Continued from page 3)

ful follower of Don Quixote de la Mancha. Then when his descendants emigrated to America, Quixote came too. Here he roamed the prairies and developed a wild and savage nature. Finally his tribe increased so rapidly that today this prairie wolf is the most common wild animal in North America. He became later to be associated with the Indians and domesticated by them. Hence, the corruption of

the word Quixote to coyote through the ignorance of the savage.

The Wauneitas, I am sure, would favor this choice, and they would feel perfectly at home at having their National Anthem bayed out in the still watches of the night, in the corridors of Athabasca Hall.

And, further, the coyote is a borrowing animal. That would be a decided advantage in Times Like These.

A. K. W.

MORE MODERN KNIGHT

On the front page of the Gateway of February 1st appeared a cursory review of the heroic verse immortalizing Leo Rampant, the Modern Knight. It told how in his youth he caught and slew a wolf single-handed and then fell into deep melancholy, after which

He seized his pen and threw it by,
His sword he grasped and waved it high,
His books he likewise scattered wide,
Except his favoured Otter's Guide.

The poem, consisting of about ten thousand such verses, gives a complete account of Leo's struggles, love affairs and life in Mexico. As yet the poem has not been printed, the publishers lacking the appreciation now as they did in Milton's day and the author, who is as poor and proud as any senior, is unable to foot the bill himself. The review was given in the hope that some one would be stimulated to take up the matter and see that such a noble work was given to the world. Already the appeal has met with a splendid response. Where the cause is worthy you will always find some genial soul ready to lend a helping hand.

The writer would like to call the attention of the reader to the close resemblance between the style of the author we are attempting to aid and the blind bard above referred to. Compare section 15, subdivision 4, of Book 7 of "Paradise Lost," with the following from the "Modern Knight":

One blast there rolled from his bugle old
And the mountain 'gan to shake, sir;
It moved from its base at an even pace
and marched into the lake, sir.

Here you have the grand majestic style of Milton so dear to every lover of poetry. You and I would say the mountain took a bath when the bugle sounded, but, alas, we are not Miltons. And there is all the more reason that we should honor those that are.

The following letter was received some time ago, but the editor was requested not to print it until further names were added to the subscription list. The canvass for donations is practically complete, and we are now printing the letter after making the necessary corrections in spelling and grammar:

3.30 a.m.

Editor the Gateway.

The heroic verse setting forth the great deeds of Leo Rampant has stimulated me, and I am willing to do my little bit to assist in its publication. I have a few poems of my own which I would like to get into print, and if we club together, and can get a page or two of advertising and someone to write a Semaphore by way of introduction, it seems to me the thing would go all right. Any one who has written poetry knows how dense editors are. The best poem I ever wrote was returned simply because the word "Heaven" was broken up into two parts, thus He-aven, and the "aven" put on the next line in order that "He" might rhyme with "be" in the line preceding.

The author in question is not the only one who is trying to raise money just now. I had my hopes buoyed up to about seven feet by the time I got to the second paragraph of your review given a while ago, and had planned to stage a little stunt whereby the author and myself could gather enough to pay our laundry bills, publish the poems and have a surplus for car fare and gum. Anyone who can catch and slay a wolf single-handed ought to be able to catch Mr. Peverely's dog with a tin can tied to his tail. What better diversion could either student or poet desire? The students and others would get the fun, and we would get the benefit at the rate of twenty-five cents per spectator.

Below is a partial list of the great and near grate who so generously gave to the cause:

J. O. D. M-t-ll: One tea-stained Presbyterian hymn book.

M. S. K-r, on behalf of the English Club: One quotation from Thackeray and two from Burns.

Agrncultural Society: A paper on the cruelty of dishorn-ing hydraulic rams.

A Friend: A lock of hair.

A. E. H-y-s: One Kelly's Key.

It is expected that before long a sale will be held in the senate chamber and the gifts converted into cash.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN OLIVER.

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DICK

(Continued from page 1)

an axe and chop him up into little pieces to feed the coyotes."

For a while my imprecations were directed solely to the torment under me, but as the speed decreased to funeral pace, and all hope of a first good impression died away, soon my threatenings and slaughter were merged into one incoherent roaring anathema, which included every bird, beast, fish and reptile, and all things in the waters beneath and in the earth above, in the whole Province of Alberta.

But the darkest hour ever precedes the dawn. For the greater part of the journey the trail had been treeless, but now a welcome clump of willows hove in sight. With malicious glee I headed him towards it. I began to calculate whether I should tie him up to a tree and kill him by inches, or for the nonce procure a bundle of new gads and extract some measure of satisfaction out of his hide on the rest of the journey. I had hardly reached any decision on the matter when the bold Richard, seeming by intuition to divine my intentions, suddenly came to a dead stop, turned his head slantways and rolled his eyes backward, grinning with the most exasperating insolence, plainly requesting to know what I intended doing about it. As we were only a foot or two away from the willows I determined not to keep him in suspense longer than I could help. Dismounting immediately I reached for a wand, but he was quicker than I, in my disordered judgment, had given him credit for. With a bound like a streak of greased lightning he turned and dashed homeward. As I watched him career over the prairie, I became, I think, less sad and more wise. Nature had indeed, to some purpose, made him longer in the head than his rider.

K.

C.O.T.C. U. of A.

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The judges of the competitive programmes rendered under the Literary Society were unanimous in awarding first place to the "Outsiders." This does not mean that the entertainment provided by the Resident Students was not of a high order. It called for no small audacity to reorganize the University on Prussian lines, and "Aus mit Kultur" found an echo in the hearts of all who could translate it.

But in daring of conception and finish of execution nothing which the Literary Society has produced in these competitions has equalled "Psyche," the musical sketch by the non-resident students last Friday evening. Both words and music were original and reflect great credit on Miss Clara May Bell and those associated with her.

They showed commendable restraint in avoiding any reference to the moon-folk as lunatics and in offering no explanation to the Science students of the obvious meteorological difficulty of reaching the moon by aeroplane.

In conclusion, the judges declare that should "Psyche" be reproduced, they will be there again to see and hear. "It was not ever thus."

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